2: Blackman E-5 (1920-1926) 1927
MR13 Fellahin MR13
Upper Egypt

CHAPTER VII

DEATH AND FUNERARY CEREMONIES

WHEN a male or female Muslim is dying it is the custom to give him or her some water to drink. So far, despite careful inquiries, I have discovered no definite belief associated with the practice; all that I have been told is that it is a custom that must always be observed. It may originally, perhaps, have been a purificatory or vivificatory rite. In certain parts of Egypt it is the custom for some of the people sitting or standing near a person who is *in extremis* to squeeze his or her body with their hands, in order to force the soul out of it. Men do this for a man and women for a woman. When death has actually taken place the eyes and mouth of the deceased are closed, and the legs drawn down straight and laid close together. The body is then washed the water for this purpose being obtained, if possible, from a mosque or from some sacred well or pool connected with a sheikh. In Upper Egypt the corpse may be washed by a *fiḳīh*, who takes as payment all the clothes of the deceased, and also the remains of the soap used in the washing.

As Egypt is a very hot country burial takes place very shortly after death. For instance, if a death has occurred in the morning or early afternoon the funeral takes place the same day. On the other hand, if death resulted from some injury due to accident or an act of violence burial is not permitted till the Government doctor and police officials have made full investigations.

If some one is dying in the village the news soon spreads, and friends and relations flock in crowds to the house. The moment the breath is out of the body female relatives and a number of professional mourners begin to shriek and scream (Fig. 50). Many of them leave the house of death and perambulate the village seven times, uttering the while piercing cries, and waving handkerchiefs, usually black, blue, or green in colour, as they go along. This perambulation of wailing women is not, anyhow at the present day, consciously associated with any idea of driving the spirit or

754 with the pre-Islamic and pre-Christian magic of Ancient Egypt.(51)

This affinity is confirmed by the faith of the fellaheen in everything that represents itself to be ancient, primitive, *qadîm*. For many of their superstitious beliefs they can give 792 no other reason. Why is a Coptic monk preferred as a 842 sorcerer? Why should the touching of ancient statues 777 make a woman conceive? Why should a pebble or written charm from the sorcerer give effect to a wish? Because it is *qadîm*. Because it holds in itself the power of the past.

764 The function of women mourners is also traditional. A [765] fellah dies. At once loud cries from the womenfolk announce it to all the neighbourhood. The common bier is fetched from its place near the *gurn* outside the village. Women wash the body in warm water within the house, while outside rise the wailings of the mourning women.

In their funeral cries they boast of the beauty and fine qualities of the departed, they reproach God for taking him, they call to the dead man, to his wife and children, they cry out to Death itself. These complaints seem natural and improvised. In fact they are no more so than the tears of [767] the professional mourners, wrapped in great veils (*milayas*) 535 specially for this ceremony, their face coloured black or blue as a sign of mourning, their heads sprinkled with mud. Leading the womenfolk in a ghastly dance, they rise, clap their hands, sway about and fall exhausted, now slackening, now hurrying their cries. Here the women take first place. The men put in an appearance, both at the funeral and on the visit of sympathy, for death is a part of public life. But they participate only by their presence; they say nothing. In silence they follow the bier, clasp the hand of the nearest relation, stay seated for some time by the dead man's house, and make their way home again(51a).

533 Other occasions, less frequent but more joyful, bring the 538 fellaheen together for music and story-telling. The man who brings them these hours of pleasure is the *sha'ir*, reciter, storyteller and singer all in one. He is himself a fellah, but an exceptionally gifted one. It is his melodious voice that has singled him out for the musician's life, but he also ac- [534] companies himself on the *rebâba*, a single-stringed, sharp-toned violin. He will sing the praises of Mohammed or Jesus, describing the Prophet's appearance in naive, highly-

9: Klunzinger D-5 (1863-1875) 1878
MR13 Fellahin MR13
Upper Egypt

abode. The corpse-washer goes to work with the utmost care; he washes the body up and down, repeatedly cleaning out all external openings, including the nose and ears, and stops them with cotton; cotton is placed even between the toes and fingers and under the armpits. After the body is dried with equal care it is enveloped in the linen cloth, which has meantime been sewed together, and in such a way that no part of the dead is now visible. It is then laid on a bier without a coffin (it is only the Christians that hastily put a coffin together), and a green or red pall is spread over it. After a benediction has been said over it in the mosque, it is carried to the graveyard.

Hither the dead are borne at a rapid pace, those at least that were Mohammedans. With a haste and hurry that nothing can check the funeral procession rolls along, amid the murmur of *la ilah ill allah*, in order to carry the bier from the city of the living to the city of the dead. The advanced guard is formed by some blind and poor people and petty scribes, perhaps also some boys as a kind of choristers, and some flag-bearers. The bier is borne by four men, friends of the deceased, who are relieved by others of his friends, and thus the rapid march does not meet with the slightest interruption. A long procession of mourners and sympathizers follows, all in their ordinary working-day blouses, the relatives in the oldest and filthiest possible. Several portly well-to-do gentlemen pant behind, or have got themselves mounted upon trotting asses. By the side or at the end of the procession follows the wailing chorus of women, who on this day show remarkably little of their usual strictness in veiling themselves.

Having reached its destination, the corpse, wrapped only in its white shroud, is taken from the bier and let down without a coffin into a perpendicular excavation. During *this* proceeding, if the corpse is that of a female her former street mantle is held spread out over her in order to keep off longing glances—under such circumstances little to be expected. It is not the perpendicular excavation, however, that receives the dead body, which, being protected by no